

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE PLOT.

A Las! what thing can hope Death's Hand to 'scape,
 When Mother-Plot her self is brought to Crape?
 The teeming Matron at the last is dead;
 But of a numerous Spawn first brought to Bed:
 The little Shamms, Abortives, without Legs,
 (She laid, and hatch'd, as fast as Hens do Eggs.)
 But they no sooner peep'd into the Light,
 Than they kick'd up, and bid the World good night.
 The Bantlings died always in their Cradle,
 And th' Eggs, tho' kept in Meal-Tubs, still prov'd addle.
 She liv'd to see her Issue go before her,
 And some made *Tyburn-Saints* who did adore her.
 But what is strange, and not to be forgot,
 The Plotters liv'd to see the Death of Plot:
 And O--- if now he will his Credit save,
 Must raise thee up like *Lazarus* from the Grave.
 Men, who their Sences have, do more than think
 Thee dead, when it is plain thou now do'st stink.
 Well fare thee Dead; for living thou mad'st work,
 For *Heathen*, *Jew*, for *Christian*, and for *Turk*,

For

For Honest Men, and Knaves, for Wise and Fool,
 And eke for many a witleſs, ſcribbling Tool;
 Who now ſit mute, pick Teeth, and ſcratch the Head,
 Now th' Idol-Mother-Plot of Plots is dead.
 But loath theſe are to believe News ſo ſad,
 And ſwear they think that all the World are mad:
 But blame them not for being ſo much vext,
 To loſe the Uſes of a gainful Text.
 Theſe ſwear ſhe's in an *Epileptick* Fit,
 And P—— will bring her out of it.
 Let them think on, and their dear ſelves deceive,
 When I ſhall ſee her riſe, I will believe,
 And not before: In the mean time from me,
 Accept, for her, this ſlender *Elegy*.
 I do confeſs ſhe does deſerve the Rhimes
 Of all the ready Writers of the Times:
 But with wet Eyes they do in ſilence mourn,
 As if they'd drown the Aſhes in her Urn.
 But here ſhe lies whom none alive could paint,
 Old Mother Plot, the Devil and the Saint.
 A Popiſh-Proteſtant, Hermophradite,
 An hidden piece that none could bring to Light.
 A Mother, and a Monster rare, who had
 A numerous Iſſue, and without a Dad;
 A very ſtrange, and an unnatural Elf,
 Who hatch'd, brought forth, and then eat up her ſelf;
 Who's dead, and ſtinks, yet whole, and will not rot,
 Was, is not now, yet ne'r ſhall be forgot.
 An uncouth Myſtery of a Medley Fame,
 A Plot, a Mother-Plot without a Name.

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